



MOVIE
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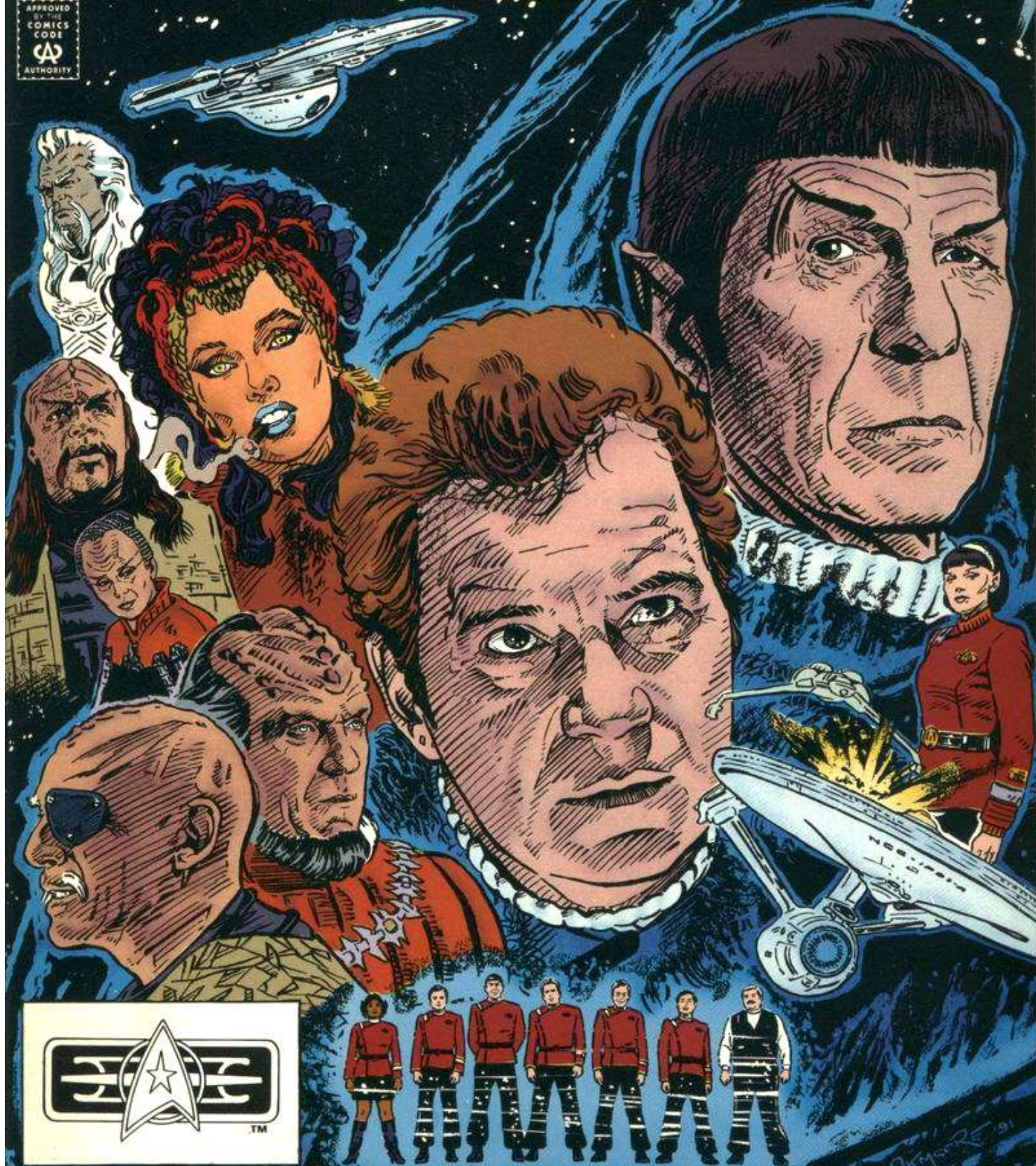
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US \$2.95
CAN \$3.50
1992

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COMICS
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STAR TREK[®]

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY[™]



STAR TREK

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

Story by **Nicholas Meyer & Leonard Nimoy**

Screenplay by **Nicholas Meyer & Denny Martin Flinn**

Executive Producer **Leonard Nimoy**

Producer **Ralph Winter**

Director **Nicholas Meyer**

THE COMICS ADAPTATION

Written by **Peter David**

Pencilled by **Gordon Purcell**

Inked by **Arne Starr**

Colored by **Tom McCraw**

Lettered by **Bob Pinaha**

Edited by **Robert Greenberger**

BASED ON STAR TREK® CREATED BY GENE RODDENBERRY

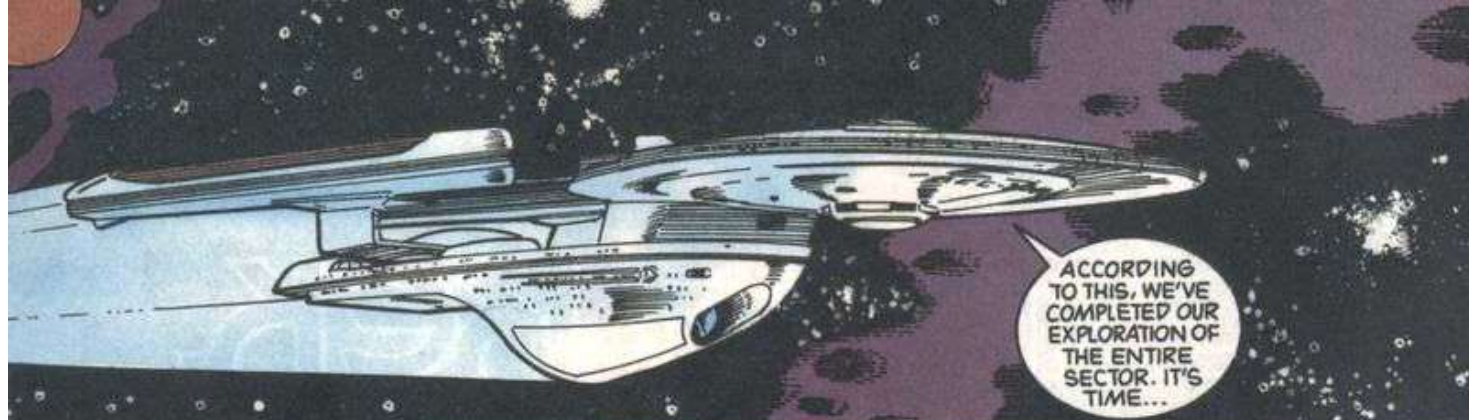
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Printed in Canada. DC Comics Inc., a Warner Bros. Inc. Company

Cover Illustration by **Jerome Moore**

Publication design by **Veronica Carlin**

This work is dedicated to the spirit and memory of Gene Roddenberry.





--ESSENTIAL AS
A RESOURCE. PRAXIS
IS THEIR KEY
ENERGY PRODUCTION
FACILITY.

SEND TO KLINGON
HIGH COMMAND: "THIS
IS EXCELSIOR. WE HAVE
MONITORED A LARGE
EXPLOSION IN YOUR
SECTOR. DO YOU REQUIRE
ASSISTANCE?"

CAPTAIN,
I'M GETTING A
MESSAGE FROM
KLINGON HIGH
COMMAND.

ON
SCREEN.



THIS IS AN
EMERGENCY!
WE HAVE
SUFFERED--



THIS IS BRIGADIER
KERLA, SPEAKING
FOR THE HIGH
COMMAND.

THERE HAS BEEN
AN INCIDENT ON
PRAXIS. HOWEVER,
EVERYTHING IS
UNDER CONTROL.
WE HAVE NO NEED
FOR ASSISTANCE.
TRANSMISSION
ENDS NOW.



AN
INCIDENT?!

DO WE
REPORT THIS,
SIR?



ARE YOU
KIDDING?

SEND TO
STARFLEET
COMMAND...

"PERSONAL LOG OF JAMES T. KIRK, STARDATE 8679.301: THE COMMAND CREW OF THE ENTERPRISE--SCHEDULED FOR RETIREMENT IN THREE MONTHS--HAS BEEN UNEXPECTEDLY SUMMONED TO STARFLEET HEAD-QUARTERS, TO BE PART OF A BRIEFING THAT THE GRAPEVINE CHARACTERIZES AS "IMPORTANT TO THE FUTURE OF THE GALAXY." CONSIDERING THE RANK AND STATURE OF THE OTHER CONFEREES, WE APPARENTLY HAVE MADE THE "A" LIST OF INVOLVED PERSONNEL.

TO BOLDLY GO...

"MY ONE REGRET IS THAT MR. SPOCK IS ON SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT ON VULCAN, AND WILL NOT BE WITH US. I HAVE COME TO RELY ON HIS WISE COUNSEL FAR MORE THAN I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT, AND WISH THAT HE WERE HERE..."

I'LL MAKE THIS AS SIMPLE AS POSSIBLE. THE KLINGON EMPIRE HAS ROUGHLY FIFTY YEARS OF LIFE LEFT TO IT.

FOR FULL DETAILS, I AM TURNING THIS BRIEFING OVER TO OUR SPECIAL FEDERATION ENVOY.

GOOD MORNING.

TWO MONTHS AGO, A FEDERATION STARSHIP MONITORED AN EXPLOSION ON THE KLINGON MOON PRAXIS. WE BELIEVE IT WAS CAUSED BY OVERTURNING AND INSUFFICIENT SAFETY PRECAUTIONS.

THE MOON'S DECIMATION MEANS AN ALMOST EIGHTY PERCENT LOSS OF AVAILABLE ENERGY, AND A DEADLY POLLUTION OF THEIR OZONE. THE KLINGONS DO NOT HAVE THE RESOURCES TO COMBAT THIS CATASTROPHE.

LAST MONTH, AT THE BEHEST OF THE VULCAN AMBASSADOR, I OPENED A DIALOGUE WITH GORKON, CHANCELLOR OF THE KLINGON HIGH COUNCIL. HE PROPOSES TO COMMENCE NEGOTIATIONS AT ONCE.

AN END TO SEVENTY YEARS OF UNREMITTING HOSTILITY, WHICH THE KLINGONS CAN NO LONGER AFFORD.

NEGOTIATIONS FOR WHAT?





CAPTAIN
ON THE
BRIDGE.

AS YOU WERE,
LIEUTENANT--?

VALERIS, SIR. WE WERE
TOLD YOU'D NEED A
HELMSMAN...SO I
VOLUNTEERED.

THE LIEUTENANT
IS THE FIRST VULCAN
TO HAVE GRADUATED
AT THE TOP OF HER
CLASS AT THE
ACADEMY.



CONGRATULATIONS,
LIEUTENANT. YOU
MUST BE VERY
PROUD.

SHE'S A
VULCAN, ALL
RIGHT.

I DON'T
BELIEVE SO,
SIR.

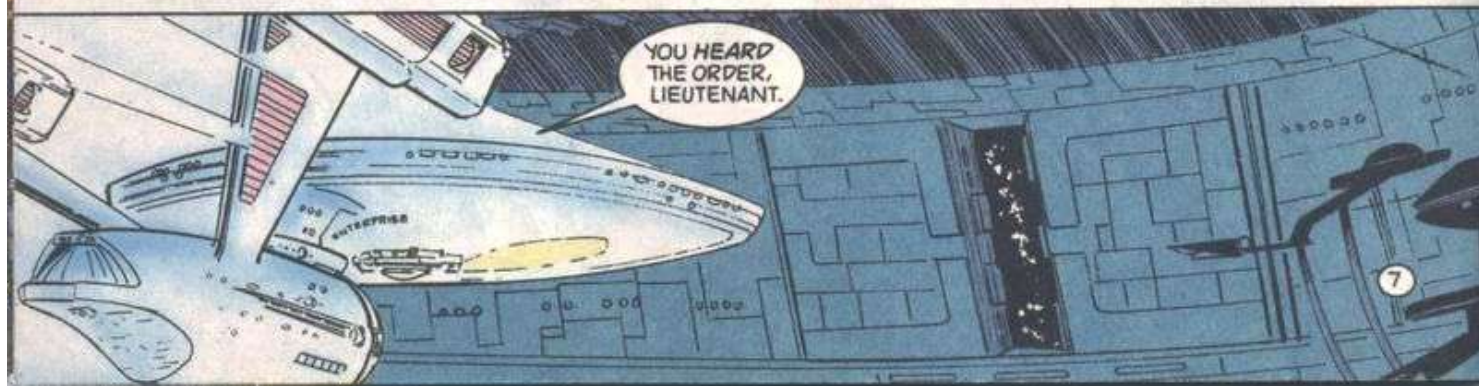


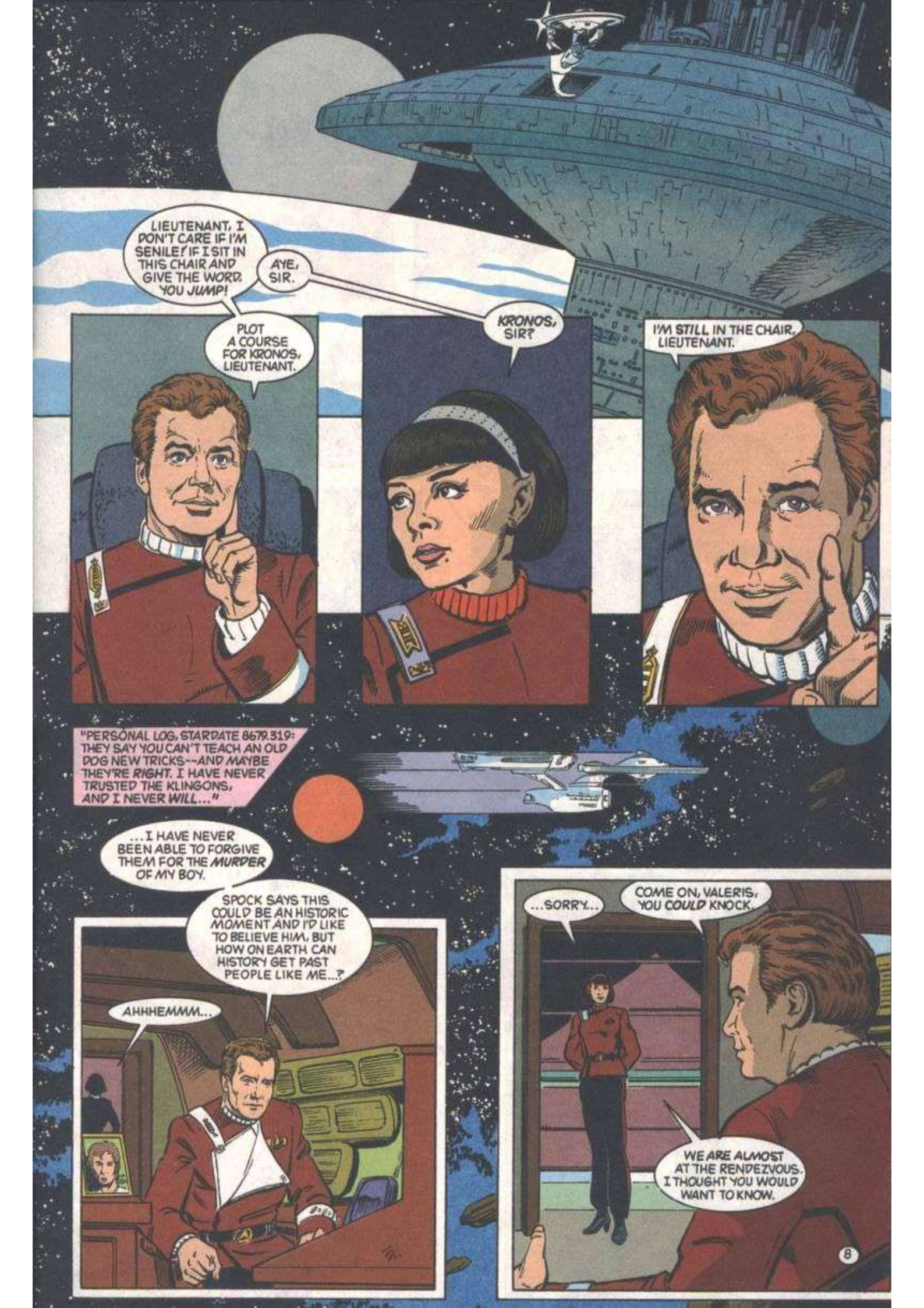
LIEUTENANT,
ONE QUARTER
IMPULSE
POWER.

CAPTAIN, MAY I REMIND
YOU THAT REGULATIONS
SPECIFY THRUSTERS
ONLY WHILE IN
SPACE DOCK?



YOU HEARD
THE ORDER,
LIEUTENANT.





LIEUTENANT, I DON'T CARE IF I'M SENILE! IF I SIT IN THIS CHAIR AND GIVE THE WORD, YOU JUMP!

AYE, SIR.

PLOT A COURSE FOR KRONOS, LIEUTENANT.

KRONOS, SIR?

I'M STILL IN THE CHAIR, LIEUTENANT.

"PERSONAL LOG, STARDATE 8679.319: THEY SAY YOU CAN'T TEACH AN OLD DOG NEW TRICKS--AND MAYBE THEY'RE RIGHT. I HAVE NEVER TRUSTED THE KLINGONS, AND I NEVER WILL..."

...I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO FORGIVE THEM FOR THE MURDER OF MY BOY.

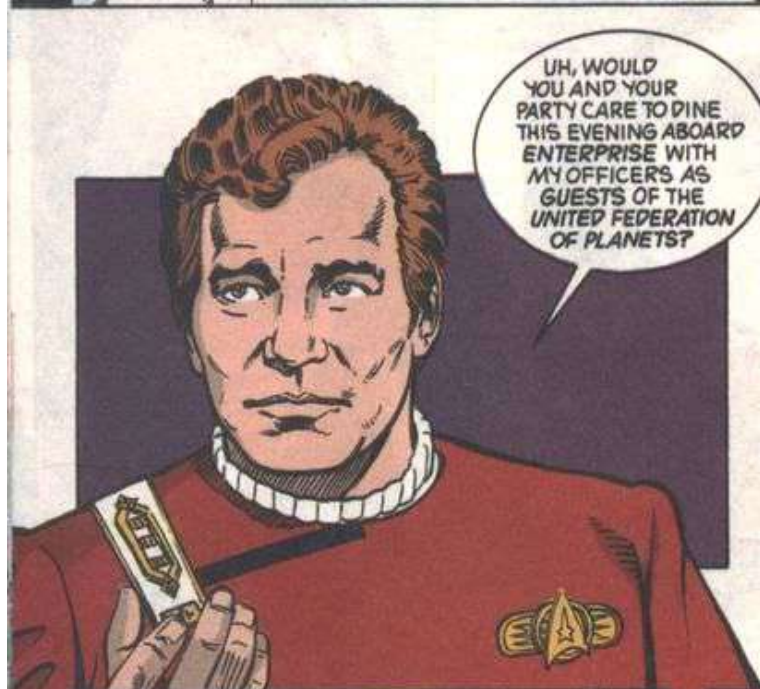
SPOCK SAYS THIS COULD BE AN HISTORIC MOMENT AND I'D LIKE TO BELIEVE HIM, BUT HOW ON EARTH CAN HISTORY GET PAST PEOPLE LIKE ME...?

AHHHEMMM...

...SORRY...

COME ON, VALERIS, YOU COULD KNOCK.

WE ARE ALMOST AT THE RENDEZVOUS. I THOUGHT YOU WOULD WANT TO KNOW.







I GIVE YOU
A TOAST: THE
UNDISCOVERED
COUNTRY--

--THE
FUTURE.

HAMLET,
ACT THREE,
SCENE ONE.



"TO BE OR NOT TO BE,
THAT IS THE QUESTION" WHICH
PREOCCUPIES OUR PEOPLE,
CAPTAIN. WE NEED BREATHING
ROOM...



COMMANDER SPOCK, MINDFUL
OF ALL YOUR WORK BEHIND THE
SCENES, I DO NOT SENSE AN
ACCEPTANCE OF OUR PEOPLE
THROUGHOUT YOUR SHIP.

THEY'RE NATURALLY
WARY, MA'AM. WE'VE
BEEN AT WAR A
LONG TIME.



BOTH SIDES
MUST OVERCOME
INGRAINED
PREJUDICE--
BUT HOW?

PERHAPS WITH
A FEW SMALL
STEPS AT A
TIME. LIKE
THIS ONE.

AND PERHAPS
WITH A LARGE STEP
OR TWO. LIKE A
PEACE TREATY.

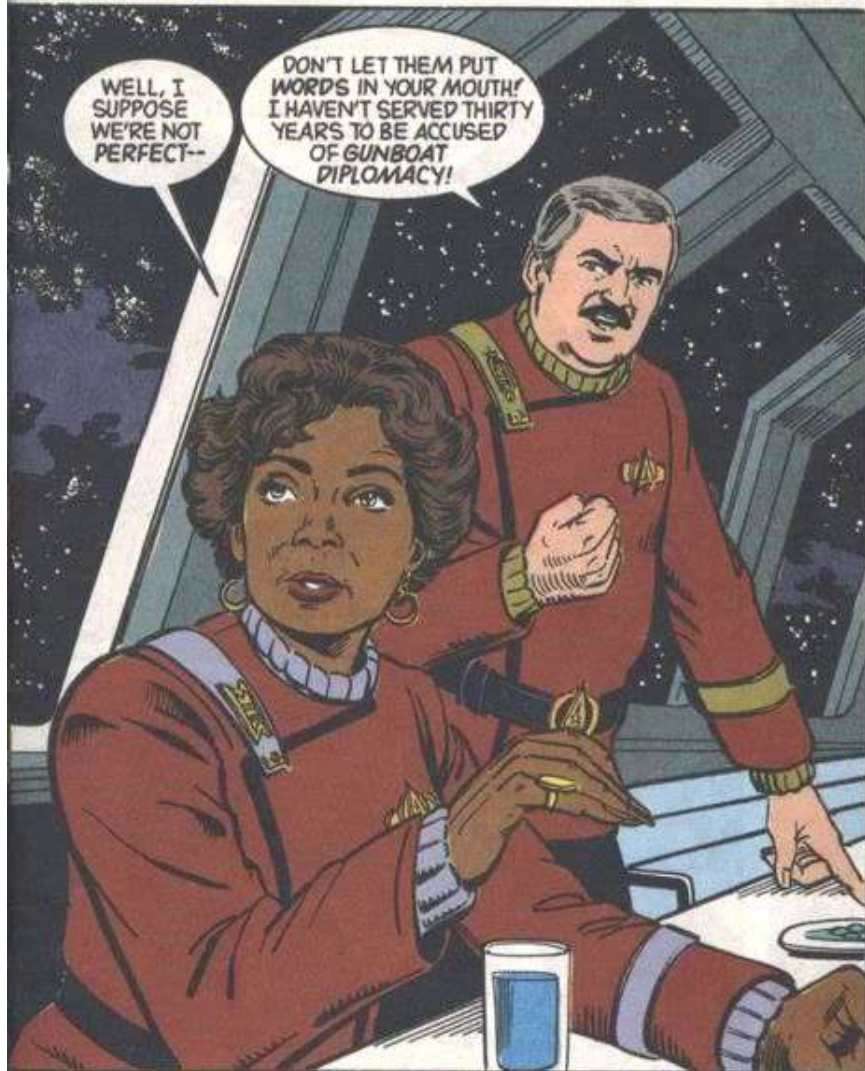


YOU HYPOCRITICALLY PRESUME THAT
YOUR DEMOCRATIC SYSTEM GIVES YOU
A MORAL PREROGATIVE TO FORCE
OTHER CULTURES TO CONFORM
TO YOUR POLITICS.

THAT'S NOT TRUE!
HOWEVER, WE DO BELIEVE
THAT EVERY PLANET HAS A
SOVEREIGN CLAIM TO
INALIENABLE HUMAN
RIGHTS...



"IN-ALIEN..."? IF YOU COULD
HEAR YOURSELVES. "HUMAN"
RIGHTS? EVEN THE NAME IS
RACIST. THE FEDERATION
IS A "HOMO SAPIENS
ONLY" CLUB...



WELL, I
SUPPOSE
WE'RE NOT
PERFECT--

DON'T LET THEM PUT
WORDS IN YOUR MOUTH!
I HAVEN'T SERVED THIRTY
YEARS TO BE ACCUSED
OF GUNBOAT
DIPLOMACY!



IN ANY CASE,
WE KNOW WHERE
THIS IS LEADING:
THE ANNIHILATION
OF OUR CULTURE.
KLINGONS WILL
REPLACE THOSE ON
THE LOWEST RUNG
OF THE FEDERATION
LADDER, TAKING
MENIAL JOBS
FOR LOWER
PAY...

THAT'S
ECONOMICS,
NOT
RACISM...



BUT YOU HAVE TO
ADMIT IT ADDS UP
TO THE SAME
THING.

DON'T BE NAIVE,
COMMANDER--

LEAVE IT TO THE
POLITICIANS TO
MUCK IT UP AND
LEAVE US
DEFENSELESS...

KINDLY DO
NOT PATRONIZE ME,
DOCTOR...



A-HEM!



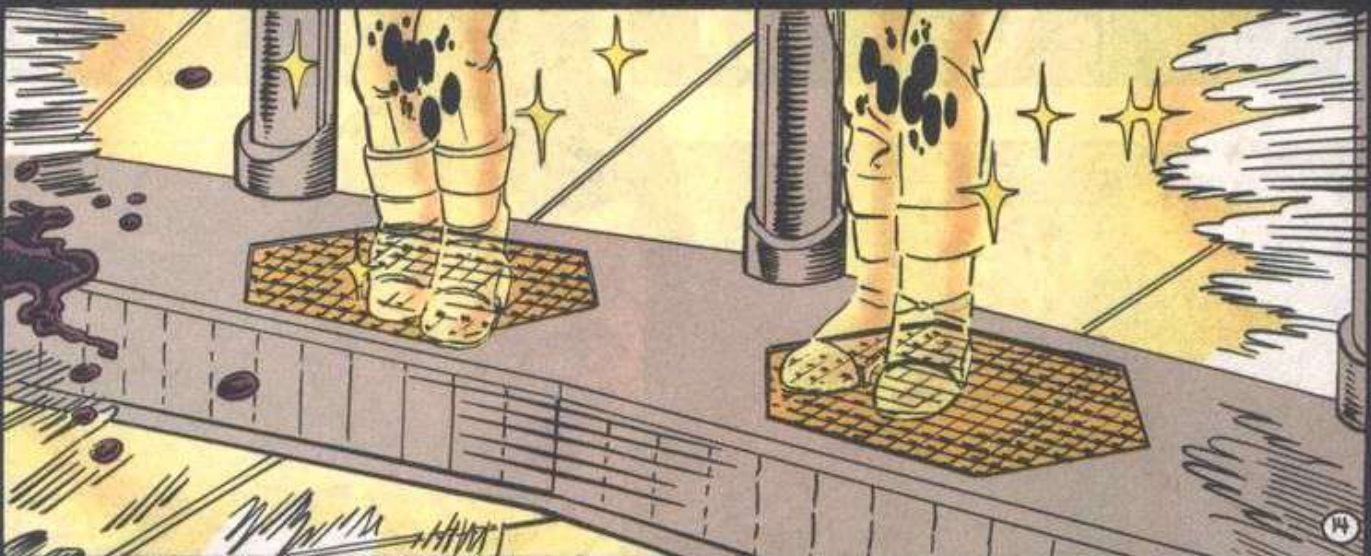
JUST CLEARING MY
THROAT. WELL...

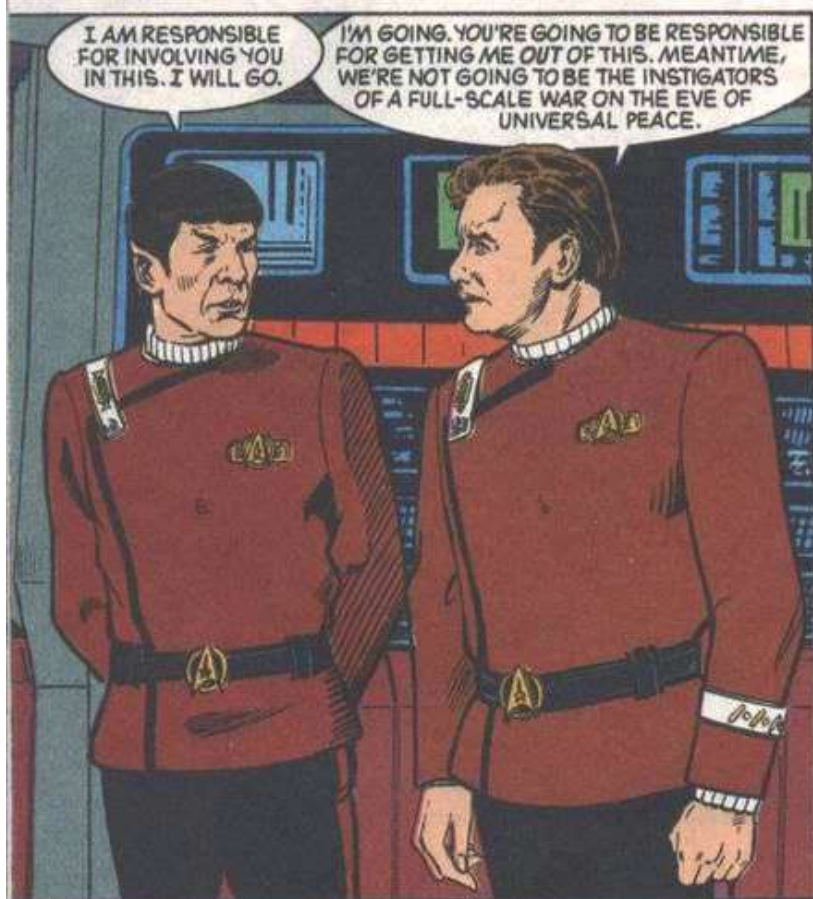
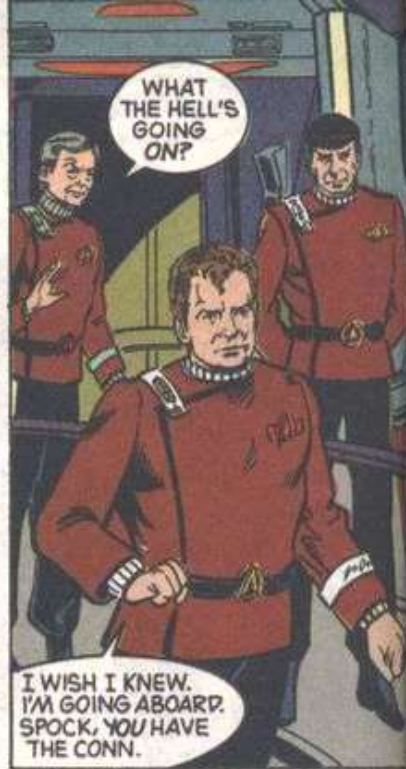
YOU HAVE NEVER EXPERIENCED
SHAKESPEARE UNTIL YOU HAVE READ
HIM IN THE ORIGINAL KLINGON.

...I SEE WE HAVE
A LONG WAY TO GO. CAPTAIN
KIRK, THE EVENING HAS
BEEN MOST...EDIFYING.

WE MUST
DO THIS AGAIN
SOON.











THEY'VE BEEN ARRESTED!

MR. SPOCK,
WE'VE GOT TO DO
SOMETHING!

WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST, LIEUTENANT?
OPENING FIRE WON'T RETRIEVE THE
CAPTAIN, AND AN ARMED ENGAGE-
MENT WAS PRECISELY WHAT HE
WISHED TO AVOID.

AT LEAST WE
MUST KEEP TRACK
OF WHERE THEY
WERE TAKEN,
SIR. I--

I HAVE ALREADY
ADDRESSED THAT QUESTION,
MR. SCOTT. WE WILL BE
ABLE TO FOLLOW THE
CAPTAIN'S MOVEMENTS.

HOW DID YOU
ACHIEVE--?



I ASSUME COMMAND OF THIS
SHIP AS OF 0230 HOURS. UHURA,
SEND TO STARFLEET. EXPLAIN
PRECISELY WHAT HAS TAKEN
PLACE AND REQUEST
INSTRUCTIONS.

BUT WE CAN'T
ALLOW THEM TO BE
TAKEN BACK TO
KRONOS AS
PRISONERS!

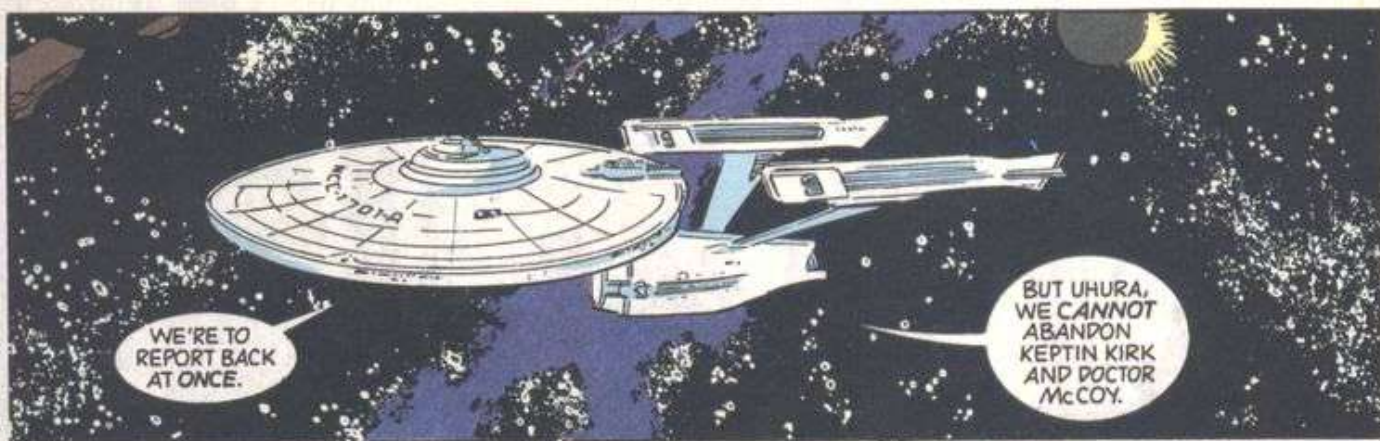
TIME IS PRECIOUS, LIEUTENANT.
WE MUST ENDEAVOR TO PIECE
TOGETHER WHAT HAPPENED
HERE TONIGHT. ACCORDING TO
OUR DATA BANKS, THIS SHIP
FIRED THOSE TORPEDOES.

AND IF WE CAN'T
PIECE TOGETHER WHAT
HAPPENED? WHAT
THEN, SIR?



THEN, MR. CHEKOV,
IT RESIDES IN THE
PURVIEW OF THE
DIPLOMATS.





WE'RE TO
REPORT BACK
AT ONCE.

BUT UHURA,
WE CANNOT
ABANDON
KEPTIN KIRK
AND DOCTOR
McCOY.



FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO, ON THE
PLANET EARTH, WORKERS WHOSE LIVES
WERE THREATENED BY AUTOMATION
FLUNG THEIR WOODEN SHOES--
CALLED "SABOTS"--INTO THE
MACHINES TO STOP THEM.
HENCE THE WORD "SABOTAGE."



OH, DEAR.
IT SEEMS WE ARE
EXPERIENCING
A TECHNICAL
MALFUNCTION. ALL
BACKUP SYSTEMS
ARE INOPERATIVE.

EXCEL--I MEAN...
TOO BAD.



IT'S AS I
SAID, MR. SPOCK.
INVENTORY STILL
REGISTERS EVERY
TORPEDO.

YET THE DATA
BANKS INSIST
WE FIRED.
ONE COMPUTER
IS LYING.



THEY'VE NAMED
GORKON'S DAUGHTER
CHANCELLOR. IT
WAS ON THE
NEWS.

ANY REPLY
FROM STARFLEET
TO OUR DISPATCH,
LIEUTENANT?



YES, SIR. HOWEVER,
COMMANDER UHURA
HAS BEEN EXPERIENC-
ING TECHNICAL
DIFFICULTIES, SIR.



RENT

THE STATE WILL
SHOW THAT ENTERPRISE
FIRED ON KRONOS ONE
WITHOUT PROVOCATION...

...ISN'T IT A FACT
THAT YOU SERVED
ROMULAN ALE,
AN ILLEGAL
BEVERAGE?

THE
DRINK WAS
SERVED...

AND YOU STILL
MAINTAIN YOUR SHIP
DID NOT FIRE ON
KRONOS ONE?

I PUT IT TO YOU
THAT YOU WERE
SEEKING REVENGE
FOR THE DEATH OF
YOUR SON!

THAT ISN'T
TRUE!

I OFFER INTO
THE RECORD THE
FOLLOWING EXCERPT
FROM CAPTAIN KIRK'S
PERSONAL LOG.
HEAR KIRK'S OWN
VOICE...

"I HAVE NEVER
TRUSTED KLINGONS
AND NEVER WILL. I
HAVE NEVER BEEN
ABLE TO FORGIVE
THEM FOR THE
MURDER OF
MY BOY..."

...ARE
THOSE YOUR
WORDS?

THOSE
WORDS WERE
SPOKEN BY
ME.

DOCTOR MCCOY,
WHAT IS YOUR CURRENT
MEDICAL STATUS?

ASIDE FROM
A TOUCH OF
ARTHRITIS, I'D
SAY PRETTY
GOOD.

I BELIEVE YOU
ALSO CONSUMED
ROMULAN ALE AT THE
OFFICERS' MESS ON
THE NIGHT IN
QUESTION, DOCTOR?

WAS CHANCELLOR
GORKON ALIVE WHEN
YOU FIRST EXAMINED
HIM?

BARELY.

HAVE YOU
SAVED PATIENTS
AS "BARELY"
ALIVE AS HE
WAS?

I DIDN'T HAVE
THE KNOWLEDGE OF
KLINGON ANATOMY
I NEEDED...

YOU WERE INCOMPETENT!
WHETHER DELIBERATELY OR
AS A RESULT OF AGE COMBINED
WITH DRINK, THIS COURT
WILL DETERMINE.

I TRIED TO SAVE
HIM! I WAS DESPERATE
TO SAVE HIM! HE WAS
THE LAST BEST HOPE
IN THE UNIVERSE
FOR REAL PEACE!



YOU WERE DEMOTED
FOR INSUBORDINATION.

I HAVE
ON OCCASION
DISOBEYED
ORDERS.

AND WERE YOU
OBEYING OR DISOBEYING
ORDERS THE NIGHT
YOU ARRANGED THE
ASSASSINATION OF
CHANCELLOR GORKON?



I
OBJECT!

I WAS UNAWARE
OF THE ASSASSINATION
UNTIL I BOARDED HIS
SHIP!



YOU DENY THAT YOUR MEN
BEAMED ABOARD KRONOS ONE
AND SHOT THE CHANCELLOR?

I CANNOT
CONFIRM OR
DENY ACTIONS
WHICH I DID
NOT WITNESS.



CAPTAIN KIRK, ARE YOU AWARE
THAT UNDER FEDERATION LAW, THE
CAPTAIN OF A STARSHIP IS
CONSIDERED RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE ACTIONS OF
HIS MEN?

I AM.

SO IF IT SHOULD
PROVE MEMBERS OF
YOUR CREW DID IN
FACT CARRY OUT SUCH
AN ASSASSINATION...



AS CAPTAIN, I AM
RESPONSIBLE.

YOUR HONORS,
THE STATE
RESTS.



IS IT
OUR
TURN,
NOW?

ACCORDING TO KLINGON
LAW, BOTH SIDES PRESENT
THEIR CASES AT THE
SAME TIME-- WE'VE
HAD OUR TURN.



IT IS THE JUDGMENT
OF THIS COURT THAT THE
DEFENDANTS ARE GUILTY
AS CHARGED.

IN THE INTERESTS
OF AMITY FOR THE
FORTHCOMING PEACE
TALKS, THE SENTENCE
OF DEATH IS
COMMUTED.

IT IS THE JUDGMENT
OF THIS COURT THAT WITH-
OUT POSSIBILITY OF
REPRIVE OR PAROLE, YOU
BE TAKEN FROM THIS PLACE
TO THE DILITHIUM MINES
ON THE PENAL ASTEROID
ARCHIPELAGO OF RURA
PENTHE...



...THERE TO
SPEND THE REST
OF YOUR NATURAL
LIVES.







THIS IS THE
GULAG RURA PENTHE.
OBSERVE: THERE IS NO
STOCKADE, NO GUARD
TOWER, NO ELECTRIFIED
FRONTIER. THEY ARE
NOT NEEDED.



ONLY A MAGNETIC SHIELD
PREVENTS BEAMING. YOUR
NEW HOME IS
UNDERGROUND.



NO!
NOOOO!



PUNISHMENT MEANS
EXILE FROM PRISON TO
THE SURFACE. ON THE
SURFACE, NOTHING
CAN SURVIVE.



BELOW NO ONE CAN ESCAPE.
WORK WELL, AND YOU WILL BE
TREATED WELL. WORK BADLY
AND YOU WILL DIE.



QUOG WOK NA
PUSHNAT!

PARDON?



QUOG WOK NA
PUSHNAT!

HE WANTS
YOUR OBEDIENCE
TO THE BROTHERHOOD
OF ALIENS.

HE'S
GOT IT!



WHAT'S THE
BROTHERHOOD
OF ALIENS?

PRISONERS FROM
OUTSIDE THE KLINGON
SYSTEM. THEY TEND
TO BAND
TOGETHER. I'M
MARTIA.



YOU'RE KIRK AND
MCCOY.

HOW DID YOU
KNOW...?

WE DON'T
GET MANY
ASSASSINS.

WE
DIDN'T
KILL
GORKON.



OH, OF
COURSE
NOT.



ANY
PROGRESS?

I'VE PULLED OUT MY, UH,
WOODEN SHOE AND STARFLEET
IS SCREAMING FOR US TO
RETURN TO PORT.

MR. SCOTT,
ANY PROGRESS
ON REPAIRING
OUR WARP
DRIVE?



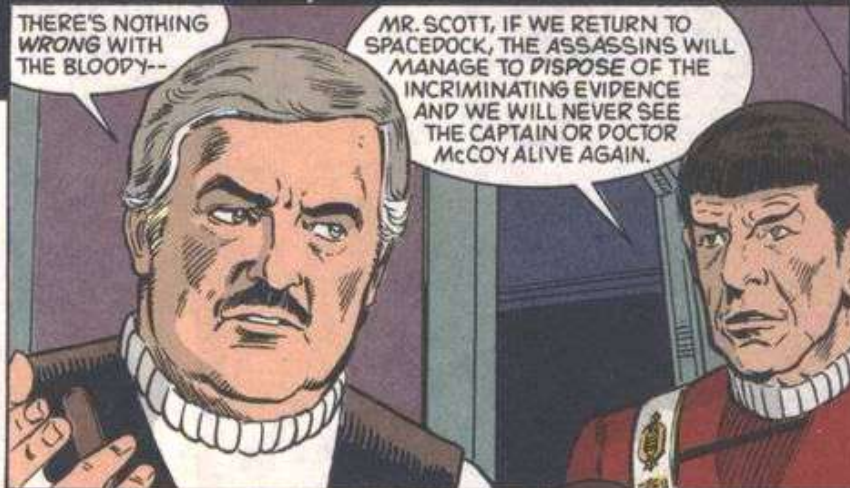
NONE. SURELY THEY'VE
DISPOSED OF THOSE
BOOTS BY NOW. WOULDN'T
IT HAVE BEEN LOGICAL
TO LEAVE THEM ON
GORKON'S SHIP?

EVEN LOGIC MUST GIVE WAY
TO PHYSICS. GRAVITY HADN'T
BEEN RESTORED BY THE
TIME THEY ESCAPED. WITHOUT
THEIR BOOTS THEY WOULD
NOT HAVE STAYED ON
THE KLINGON TRANSPORTER
PADS.



THERE'S NOTHING
WRONG WITH
THE BLOODY--

MR. SCOTT, IF WE RETURN TO
SPACEDOCK, THE ASSASSINS WILL
MANAGE TO DISPOSE OF THE
INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE
AND WE WILL NEVER SEE
THE CAPTAIN OR DOCTOR
MCCOY ALIVE AGAIN.



COULD TAKE
WEEKS, SIR.

THANK YOU, MR.
SCOTT.



COMMANDER
UHURA, INFORM
STARFLEET OUR
WARP DRIVE IS
INOPERATIVE.

A LIE?

AN
ERROR.

YOU UNDERSTAND THAT
WE HAVE LOST ALL CONTACT
WITH THE CAPTAIN
AND DOCTOR
MCCOY?

AT PRESENT THEY ARE SURROUNDED
BY A MAGNETIC SHIELD. IF MY
CALCULATIONS ARE CORRECT,
THE CAPTAIN SHOULD
BE DEEP INTO
HIS ESCAPE
PLANNING BY
THIS TIME.







YOU OKAY?

THEY'LL
RESPECT YOU
NOW.

THAT'S A
COMFORT. I WAS
LUCKY THAT
THING HAD
KNEES!



THAT'S
NOT HIS
KNEE.

NOT EVERYBODY
KEEPS THEIR GENITALS
IN THE SAME PLACE,
CAPTAIN.



IS THAT
YOUR WAY OF
TRYING TO
TELL ME
SOMETHING?



BONES, WHY DON'T
YOU SEE WHAT YOU
CAN DO FOR HIM?
LET HIM KNOW
WE'RE NOT
HOLDING A
GRUDGE.

SUPPOSE
HE'S HOLDING
A GRUDGE?



HOW WOULD
YOU LIKE TO GET
OUT OF HERE...?



THREE MONTHS 'TIL RETIREMENT. WHAT A WAY TO FINISH.



WE'RE NOT FINISHED.

BONES, ARE YOU AFRAID OF THE FUTURE?

THAT WAS THE GENERAL IDEA I INTENDED TO CONVEY.

SOME PEOPLE ARE AFRAID OF THE FUTURE. OF WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN.



I WAS USED TO HATING KLINGONS. THAT'S WHY I FAILED IN OUR ASSIGNMENT. IT NEVER EVEN OCCURRED TO ME TO TAKE GORKON AT HIS WORD. SPOCK WAS RIGHT.



WELL, DON'T BE TOO HARD ON YOURSELF. WE ALL FELT EXACTLY THE SAME.

UH-UH. SOMEBODY FELT MUCH WORSE. AND I'M STARTING TO UNDERSTAND WHY.

WELL IF YOU'VE GOT ANY BRIGHT IDEAS, NOW'S THE TIME TO--



BUT YOU HEARD THE JUDGE: THE PEACE CONFERENCE IS ON AGAIN--



--THERE'S BOUND TO BE ANOTHER ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT!



KIRK.
IT'S ME,
MARTIA.

LISTEN.
NO ONE
HAS EVER
ESCAPED
FROM RURA
PENTHE.

EXCEPT
US.

IT IS
POSSIBLE...

I KNOW HOW TO GET
OUTSIDE THE SHIELD. THAT'S
EASY. AFTER THAT, IT'S UP
TO YOU TO GET US OFF
THE SURFACE BEFORE
WE FREEZE. CAN YOU?



POSSIBLY.

I CAN'T MAKE
IT ALONE. YOU'RE THE
LIKELIEST CANDIDATE
TO COME TO THIS
HELLHOLE IN
MONTHS.

CANDIDATE
FOR WHAT?



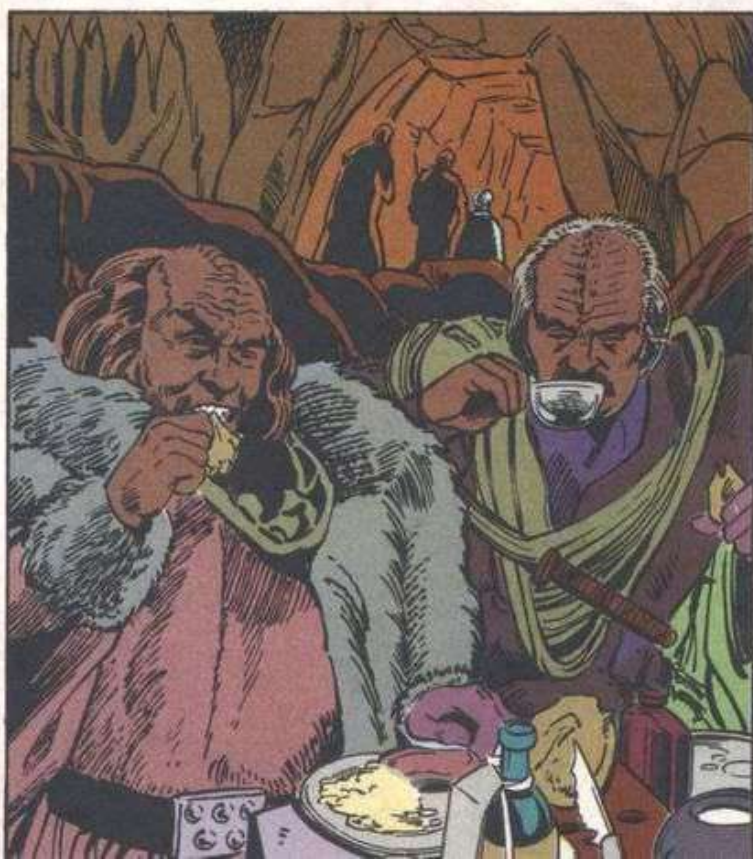
I THINK I'VE BEEN
ALIEN-ATED.

WHAT IS
IT WITH YOU,
ANYWAY?

STILL
THINK WE'RE
FINISHED?

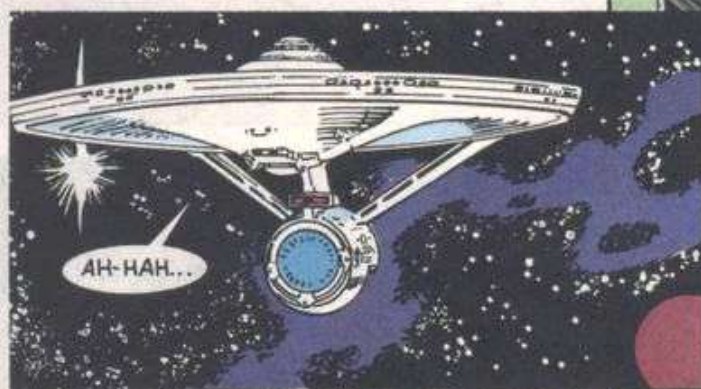
MORE THAN
EVER.

















MY GOD! THAT'S
BURKE AND SAMNO!



BUT...
THE UNIFORMS!
THEY BELONGED
TO THESE TWO
MEN!

NOT ANY
MORE.



FIRST RULE OF
ASSASSINATION:
ALWAYS KILL
THE ASSASSINS.

NOW
WE'RE BACK
TO SQUARE
ONE.

MAYBE
NOT.

ATTENTION, CAPTAIN KIRK TO
SICKBAY. YEOMEN BURKE AND
SAMNO HAVE BEEN SHOT AND
WISH TO MAKE STATEMENTS.
CODE BLUE URGENT. DEPOSITION
REQUIRED AT ONCE FOR
YEOMEN BURKE AND SAMNO.
WOUNDS ARE SERIOUS.



U.S.S.



YOU
HAVE TO
SHOOT...

...IF YOU ARE
LOGICAL.



I DO
NOT WANT
TO.

I BELIEVE YOU.
BUT WHAT YOU WANT
IS IRRELEVANT. WHAT
YOU HAVE CHOSEN
IS AT HAND.



LET'S NOT WASTE TIME,
LIEUTENANT. NAME YOUR
CO-CONSPIRATORS AND
GIVE US THE
LOCATION OF THE
PEACE CONFERENCE.

YOU
CANNOT
PROVE
ANYTHING.

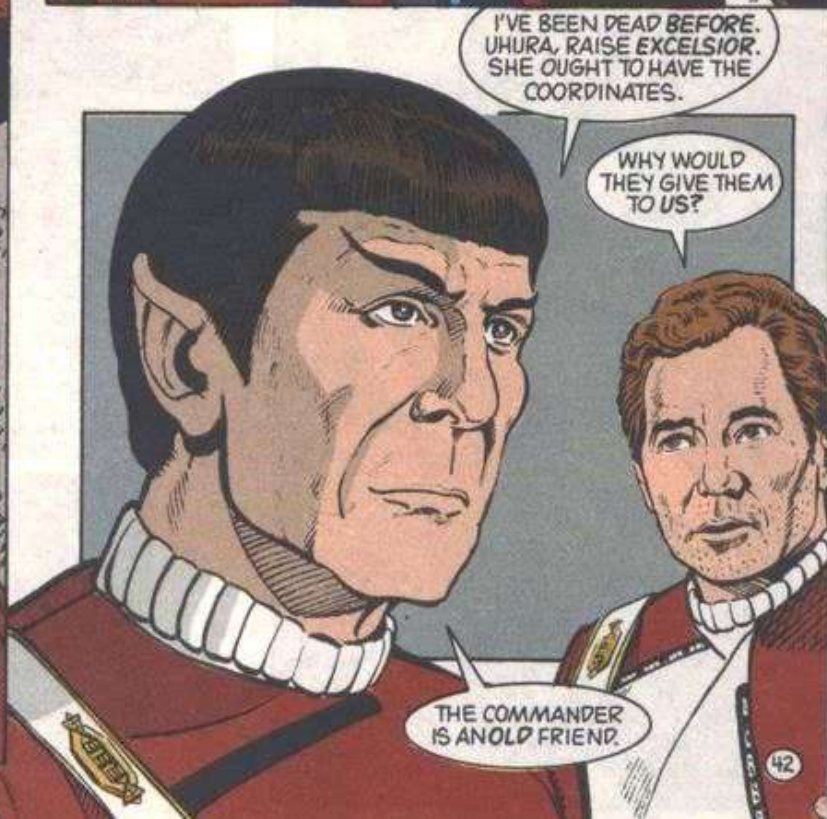


YES I CAN. AT MY TRIAL MY PERSONAL
LOG WAS INTRODUCED AS EVIDENCE
AGAINST ME. HOW LONG DID YOU
STAND OUTSIDE MY QUARTERS
BEFORE YOU COUGHED,
LIEUTENANT?

YOU HAVE
BETRAYED THE
FEDERATION.
ALL OF YOU.

KLINGONS CANNOT
BE TRUSTED, SIR, YOU
SAID SO YOURSELF.
THEY KILLED YOUR
SON. YOU WOULD MAKE
PEACE WITH THEM?
AND I WILL TELL YOU
THIS... THEY CONSPIRED
WITH US TO
ASSASSINATE THEIR
OWN CHANCELLOR.
HOW TRUSTWORTHY
CAN THEY BE?







I'M AFRAID WE MAY
NEED MORE THAN THAT.
THERE'S A BIRD OF
PREY ON THE LOOKOUT
FOR US. AND SHE CAN
FIRE WHILE SHE'S
CLOAKED!







SPOCK?
ARE YOU
HERE? I
CAN'T
SEE A
DAMNED
TH--

I'D
PREFER IT
DARK.



ARE YOU DINING
ON ASHES?

YOU WERE
CORRECT. IT WAS
ARROGANT
PRESUMPTION
THAT GOT US INTO
THIS SITUATION.
YOU MIGHT
HAVE DIED.

THE NIGHT IS
YOUNG. ANYWAY, YOU
SAID IT YOURSELF.
IT WAS LOGICAL.



YOU KNOW, YOU'RE A GREAT
ONE FOR LOGIC. I'M A GREAT
ONE FOR...RUSHING IN WHERE
ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD. WE'RE
BOTH EXTREMISTS. REALITY
IS PROBABLY SOMEWHERE
IN BETWEEN US.

I COULDN'T SEE PAST THE
DEATH OF MY SON. WHO WILL
I BE IF I HAVE NO
ENEMY? GORKON
HAD TO DIE
BEFORE I
UNDERSTOOD
HOW
PREJUDICED
I WAS. I
COULDN'T...
TRUST.



I TRUSTED TOO MUCH.
I WAS PREJUDICED BY HER
ACHIEVEMENTS AS A
VULCAN...

SPOCK, DON'T CRUCIFY
YOURSELF. YOU WEREN'T
RESPONSIBLE FOR
ANY ACTIONS BUT
YOUR OWN.

...THAT'S NOT
WHAT YOU SAID AT
YOUR TRIAL.

AS CAPTAIN
THAT'S DIFFERENT.
HUMAN
BEINGS...

BUT I AM NOT
HUMAN.



SPOCK, YOU
WANT TO KNOW
SOMETHING?
EVERYONE'S
HUMAN.

YOU
INSULT
ME...

...RACIST.

VULCAN.

COME ON.
I NEED
YOU!



MADAME CHANCELLOR, MEMBERS OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS, HONORED GUESTS: THE UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS WELCOMES YOU TO CAMP KHITOMER. NOW THAT WE ARE ASSEMBLED, I MOVE WE CONCLUDE THESE CEREMONIES AND GET DOWN TO BUSINESS. MADAME CHANCELLOR?

AGREED.

WE BELIEVE THAT THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR DESTINY RESTS SQUARELY ON OUR OWN SHOULDERS...



SHE'S HERE... SOMEWHERE... BUT IF SHE'S CLOAKED...

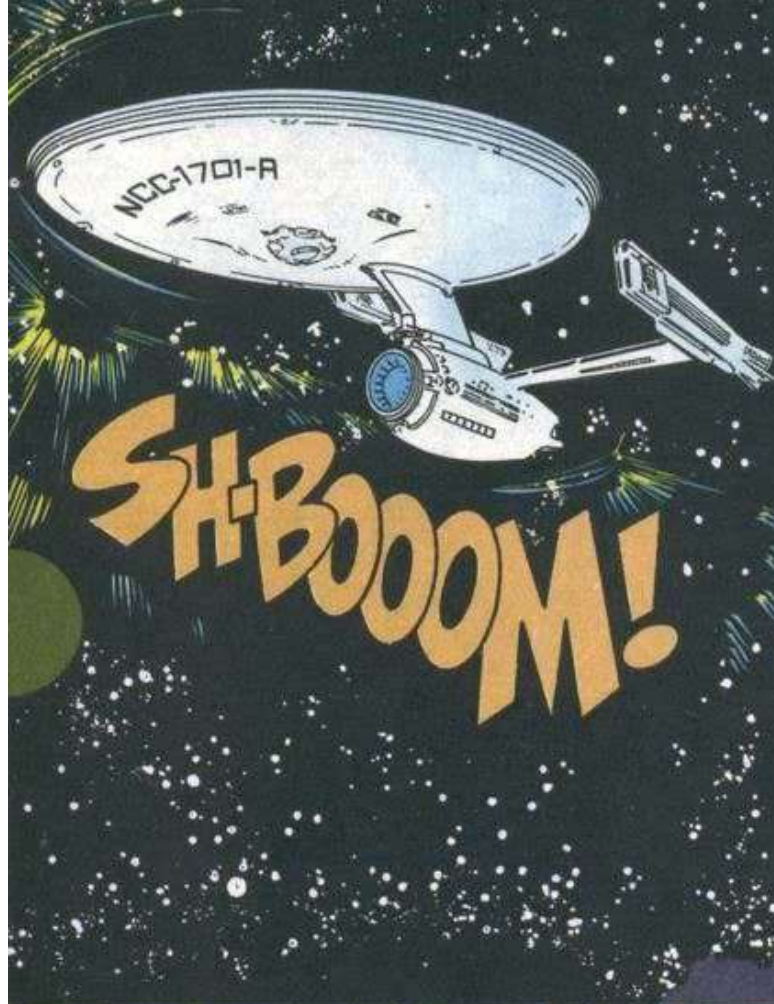


CAPTAIN, PERHAPS WE ARE GOING ABOUT THIS THE WRONG WAY. OUR JOB IS TO GET TO THE CONFERENCE. HER JOB WILL BE TO STOP US.

MAKE OURSELVES A TARGET?

SHIELDS. BATTLE STATIONS.

MR. CHEKOV, TAKE US FORWARD. THRUSTERS ONLY, ONE HALF IMPULSE.



SH-BOOOM!



SHAKA-BOOOM!



MANY PEOPLE SPECULATED ABOUT MY FATHER'S MOTIVES. THERE WERE THOSE WHO SAID HE WAS AN IDEALIST; OTHERS SAID HE HAD NO CHOICE. GREAT MEN ARE SELDOM GOOD MEN. THE TRUTH IS, MY FATHER WAS BOTH A PRAGMATIST AND AN IDEALIST.

WE ARE A PROUD RACE. WE ARE HERE BECAUSE WE INTEND TO GO ON BEING PROUD. IF WE CANNOT MAKE WAR, WE WILL MAKE PEACE.

AHEAD FULL IMPULSE!

AFTER HER!

POOR THING. "IF YOU HAVE TEARS, PREPARE TO SHED THEM NOW."

IT'S A PITY STARSHIPS WERE NEVER EQUIPPED WITH BLOODHOUNDS.

UNDER IMPULSE POWER SHE EXPENDS FUEL LIKE ANY OTHER SHIP. IONIZED GAS.

AND TRACEABLE.



WOULD YOU CARE TO ASSIST ME IN PERFORMING SURGERY ON A TORPEDO, DOCTOR?

FASCINATING.



MR. CHEKOV, SLOW DOWN. TAKE US FORWARD, THRUSTERS ONLY, ONE QUARTER IMPULSE.



CAPTAIN, SHE'S PACKING QUITE A WALLOP! SHIELDS WEAKENING!



SHIELDS UP. TELL THEM THE CAVALRY'S HERE.



SO! THE
GAME'S AFOOT!
CRY HAVOC AND
LET SLIP THE
DOGS OF WAR!



HOLD US
STEADY, MR.
SCOTT. READY
TO FIRE...

...BONES!
HAVE YOU GOT
THAT HEAT SENSOR
ATTACHED YET?!



BONES,
WHERE'S MY
TORPEDO?!

ME AND
MY BIG
MOUTH.

CALM YOURSELF,
DOCTOR. THE OPERATION
IS ALMOST
COMPLETE.



THANK YOU,
NURSE. JIM,
SHE'S READY!
LOCK AND
LOAD!



PITY THEY'RE RETIRING
US JUST AS I WAS STARTING
TO UNDERSTAND YOU,
SPOCK.

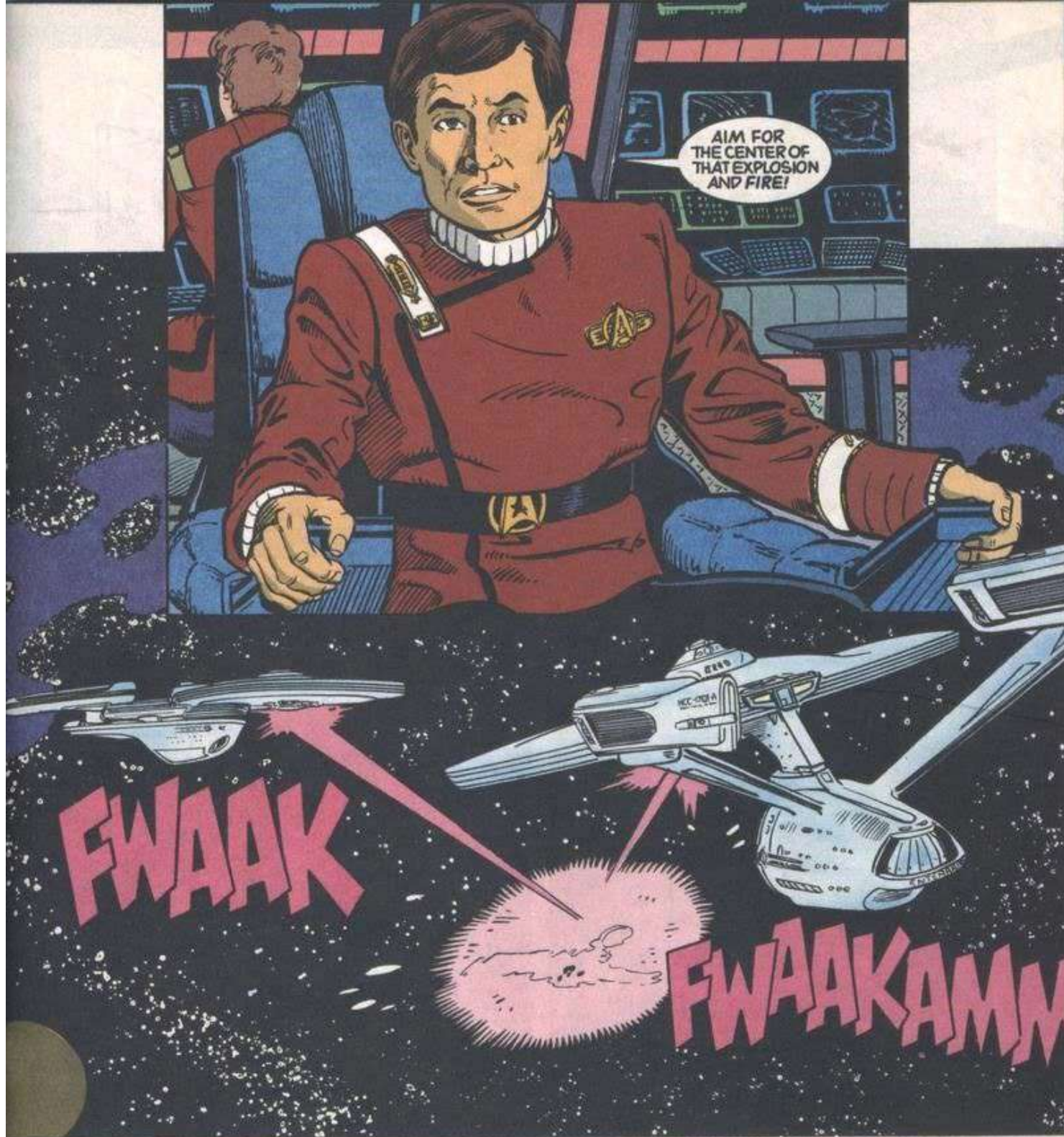
WE WERE
BEGINNING TO
HIT OUR STRIDE
TOGETHER,
DOCTOR.

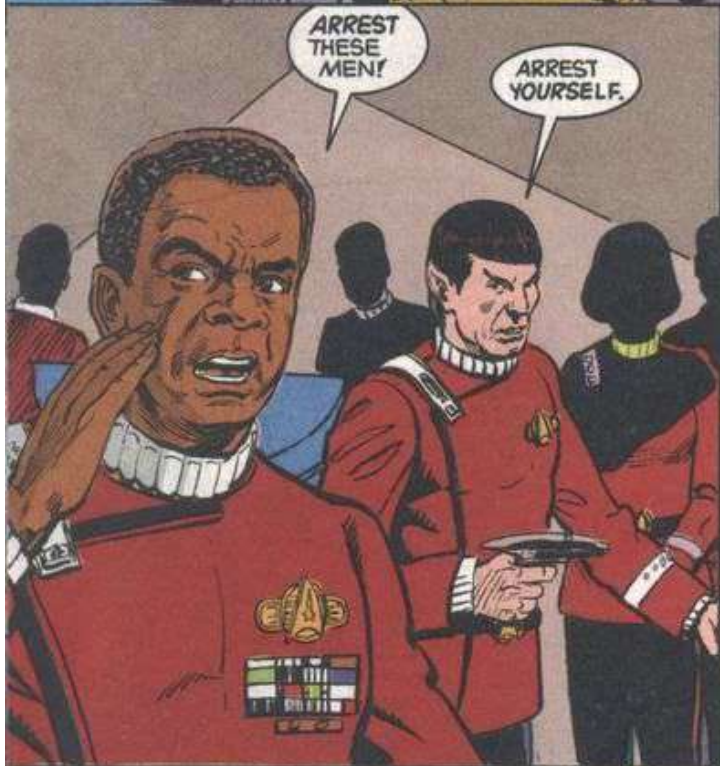
FIRE!

FWOOOSH!

...OR
NOT TO
BE...

SHWA-BLAMM!









"CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 9529.1 THIS IS THE FINAL CRUISE OF THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE UNDER MY COMMAND. THIS SHIP, AND HER HISTORY, WILL SHORTLY BECOME THE CARE OF A NEW GENERATION...

"...TO THEM AND THEIR POSTERITY WILL WE COMMIT OUR FUTURE. THEY WILL CONTINUE THE VOYAGES WE HAVE BEGUN AND JOURNEY TO ALL THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRIES, BOLDLY GOING WHERE NO MAN... WHERE NO ONE... HAS GONE BEFORE..."



THE END

BRUCE WILLIS DAMON WAYANS

They're two
fallen heroes
up against the
gambling syndicate
in pro sports.
Everyone had
counted them out.
But they're about
to get back
in the game.

THE LAST **BOY SCOUT**

The goal is to survive.

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SCREENPLAY BY SHANE BLACK AND BARRY JOSEPHSON STORY BY SHANE BLACK & GREG HICKS
PRODUCED BY JOEL SILVER AND MICHAEL LEVY DIRECTED BY TONY SCOTT



RESTRICTED
UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING
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